ROMANCE IS INTRIGUE

FOR ALEXIS

Amid conflicting reports
the truth emerges.
Coarse edged.
An ungentle blade.
For peeling back
the night's skin.
In no way an easy task.
It requires great strength
in the hands. A strength
not as obvious as muscles.
So I watch you.
Through the eyes
of people I love.
The good and the bad
they tell me, I hear.
I believe what I feel
moves unsaid in the air
between us.
This is not like trains
or lunch or gossip.
A brownstone gapped-tooth
griot girl like you
should understand.
This is not via satellite.
My arms are still attached
but empty.
You do not lay slain
in a lover's ambush.
Amid conflicting reports.

Satellite blackouts.
It is true.
Some of the people we love
are terrorists.